THE TWO BROTHERS. By Honore De Balzac. 12mo pp. 376. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

It is quite possible that many French students may be somewhat puzzled to encounter that story of Balzac's which they have always known under the title of "Un Menage de Garcon," in the strange and unfamiliar appellation "The Two Brothers." The explanation is simple enough, and it is interesting as illustrating one of Balzac's pecultarities. A number of his books underwent many changes before they crystallized permanently in the edition definitive. Some of them were begun in a newspaper or review, carried along some tistance in that way, then dropped, to appear presently enlarged, altered, "grown" as is said of children, "out of knowledge." The "History of Balzao's Works," by Charles de Lovenjonl, gives all the details of these bewildering metamorph The first title of the present story was that which American translator has selected, ely, "Les deux Frerce." The first of it appeared in La Presse 1841 with this designation, and in 1843 it was published in two volumes without change of title. The second part (now incorporated with the first) appeared in La Presse in 1842 under the title "Un Menage de Garcon en Province," and figured as the continuation of "The Two Brothers." In 1843 the two parts were brought together and the whole published as "Un Menage de Garcon en Provnce." Balzac, however, was not yet satisfied Having announced yet another title, namely, "Le Bonhomme Rouget," he abandoned that, cancelled both the former ones, and called the tale, in the definitive edition of his works, "La Rabouillense," after Flore Brazier, one of the characters in it. There can be no doubt that Miss Wormeley has en the most apposite of all these titles. The real subject is the career of the two brothers, Philrppe and Joseph Bridau. The menage d'un garcon, namely Jean Jacques Rouget, occupies dinate position, and the Rabouilleuse is not ufficient consequence to give her name to the book. It may have been the imagined quaintness of the nick name given by Issoudun to the pretty Flore that took Balzac's fancy, but he certainly made anything but an advantageous exchange when he substituted this for his first title.

The Two Brothers is a powerful novel. It exhibta Balgae in his most strenuous aspect. Taine has said in speaking of the character of Philippe Bridau that its writer showed the world how a villam may be made a hero not only without shocking the public, but in such a way as to merge half the sense of his villany in admiration at the scientific analysis of all the agencies and influences which make him what he is. The evolution of Philippe Bridau 18 indeed a marvelious study and produces an indescribable impression of creative power and of pittless, unimpassioned, all-embracing insight, Horror at the crimes of Philippe is constantly checked by the exhibition of proofs of his mability to do otherwise; by the indication of the dominant influence upon bim of all the events and conditions which moulded his character. It is not that vague effect sometimes called the march of destiny that we are here contemplating. It is a section of social life laying bare all the machinery of human evolution. The author is the laboratory professor who prepares this section for the microscope, and who stands by to interpret it to the spectator whose eye is at the instrument. Sentiment has no admittance to the explication. It is a precise, faithful description of that which lies be tween the glasses. Viewed from another plane of vision it may be moral, it may be crimmal; but science can only be interested in it as representation of actual life. That it is this there can be no doubt. We may quarrel with Balzac's choice of subjects, but we are compelled to recognize the mastery of his treatment of them, and in "The Two Brothers" the process of evolution is so clearly revealed, the logical necessity of each change for the worse in Philippe's character is so plainly demonstrated, that there is no break in the chain of causation

from the beginning to the end. There is but one unknown quantity, and that is the inherited aptitudes of this wreich. When he has broken his mother's heart and she lies dying, she is heard to murmur to herself, " Whom does he take after ?" Baizac does not venture far into the deep mysteries of heredity. He is content to feel whether or no facts can be explained, they facts: and the world is full of Philippe Bridaus proceeding from upright fathers and mothers. Yet Agatha Bridau was not a model parent. The mother love in her was perverted by vanity akin to vice. The flashy beauty and pretty tricks of her eldest son almost from the first obscured to her eyes the sterling virtue, constancy and unseifishness of the younger boy, Joseph. The story of a good and a bad brother is venerable, but before Balzac it had been conventional to punish the one and reward the other, to the edification of readers. The author of the Comedie Humaine could fall into no such error as that. He was depicting life, not composing an apology for good morals. Philippe has therefore all the defects of his training, and all the advantages of his defects. He is coarse, brutal, selfish, dishonest, heartless, ungrateful; and precisely because he is all this he is able to do things which would be impossible to a better man. He is able to force his way to material success by persistent effrontery; he is able to fling aside, one after another, all the friends who had helped him on a step. He robs his mother, he robs the Descoings, he robs his brother, he robs his employers, he gambles, drinks, debauches, rolls himself in the flith of Paris, debases himself more and more; but all the time he is becoming fitter instrument for the work he has in hand. He hardens, he acquires command of all his faculties, he develops a diabolical activity, his towering selfishness, reinforced by heart-atrophy, renders him one of the most formidable of creatures. In the deadly struggle with Flore Brazier and Maxence Gilet for the great inheritance of old Rouget, the good and pure and just Joseph, though a genius, a great artist, fails utterly and even strously, and is driven from the field in confusion, But when Philippe enters scene his every vice aids evil training seems to have been preordained to fit him for this contest. The sinister power of a strong will wholly divorced from morality makes of him a tremendous social force Before the iron strength of his volition the feminine subtlety of La Rabouillense is futile; even the acuteness of Maxence sinks into inferiority when matched with this infernally enfranchised intellect. All the previsions of the arch-plotter are vindicated. Every step is foreseen by him. He uncovers the intrigues of his opponents as much by sheer terrorism as cunning; but he obtains all he wants. Then, without a compunction, without a moment of hesitation, he disembarrasses himself of his assistants. He brings about the death of his He deliberately destroys Flore after he has married her, and in a fashion the horror of which strikes us as rather tainted with artificiality the theatric tendency. All this time the cynic brutalism of the man is grow-ing and hardening. When he had robbed the poor coings of the money she was about to invest in lottery tickets and so caused her to miss a prize of three millions, he thought his family very absurd to make a fuss about it. This is bad enough, but it is a long way from the moral plane he had hed when, having attained to count and general and a great fortune, he refused to go to his mother's death-bed, and alleged his belief—speaking in the argot of the barrack-room-that she was ing advantage of her dying state to screw money out of him for his brother. Throughout his decline s steady, apparent, inevitable. He proand blinded mother, by the society which sarrounds him, by the natural operation of his every chareteristic. For such a man, so situated, there could be no other, certainly no better, denouement. To n. Heredity, environment, education, have ulded him to this. Villain, brute, monster as he

is, it is plam to see that he is not a free agent. But

tts movement, its fitness for the work, and the en-

ergy which it represents.

The character of Philippe Bridau has been cited as showing Balzac's predilection for the portrayal of bad men. The criticism is singularly shallow and unjust. It is of the essence, of maleficent action that it should be more in evidence than beneficence. It is always the abnormal that enforces attention. Life which is in harmony with the established system, which conforms to moral restraints, which is unselfish, passes unobserved. It is nonconformity, lawlessness, the aggressive energy of undisciplined egoism, that forces itself into prominence under all circum-stances; that by its disturbing action becomes conspicuous; that by its indifference to the rights of others and its own obligations makes itself a contre of curious and apprehensive observation. The goodness of Joseph Bridau is none the less real and influential because it is quiet and unobtrusive; but it is the nature of goodness to be quiet, and it is human nature to pay more attention to that which injures then to that which benefits it. And Balgae had a purpose in writing this story. What it was he discloses in the dedication to Charles Nodier. "Perhaps," he says "I have never drawn a picture that shows more plainly how essential to European society is the indissoluble marriage bond, how fatal the results of feminine weakness, how great the danger arising from selfish interests when indulged without restraint. May a society which is based solely on the power of wealth shudder as it sees the impotence of law in dealing with the workings of a system which deifies success and pardons every means of obtaining it." That is the key to the history of Philippe Bridau, to the pathetic story of Agatha, to the sordid tragedy of Jean Jacques The book is largely a study of French provinctal

life. The society of Issoudun is analyzed with the author's characteristic minuteness. As Taine says, he describes first the region, then town, then the houses, and finally the people. Nothing is omitted which can serve to give verisimilitude to the picture. We are shown the complete environment. All the surroundings. great and small, are allowed their due weight. The origins of rural peculiarities, vices, customs, tendencies, are laid bare. We are furnished with whatever aids to judgment the details of life can afford. The miser Hochon, his pious wife, his scapegrace wards; the dull, embruted peasant-millionaire Jean Jacques Rouget; the beautiful and conscienceless Flore Brazier; the depraved, keenwitted Maxence Gilet; all are not merely painted to the life, but explained and justified. The effect of this elaboration, this abundant detail, is to give a unique force and vitality to the action. The narrative unfolds with the circumstance and precision of history. The inevitableness of the development is impressed upon us strongly. With all the fullness, too, there is a sense of compression, of compactness. Nothing seems added for effect. Everything relates to the main purpose distinctly. This power breathes from every page, and the whole work is an example of realism deserving the name as the work of no later writer has deserved it.

There is in "The Two Brothers" nothing of the repose and poetry and beauty which pervade the "Country Doctor." It is in a wholly different vein: a study of the seamy side of life, of the action of malefic forces directed against the very existence of the modern social fabric. There are few compensations or consolations in the dark history. The devotion, patience and fidelity of Joseph fail to clarify the morbid vision of the infatuated mother until the Abbe Loraux, determined that she shall not go blind to her grave, roughly distilusionizes her on her death-bed. though only to bring her a few hours of vain and bitter repentance and remorse. The fate of Philippe Bridau is tragic, but he succeeds until near the close of his career, and his victims, as too often in real life, remain unavenged and uncared for But Balzac's extraordinary genius is nowhere more signally displayed than in the manipulation of this pain-burdened and sinister company, and were it possible to move a frivolous and self-absorbed world by the vivid presentation of its worst vices and most dangerous tendencies, this story would have been more effective than the most eloquent pulpit admonitions. The world being what it is contents itself in admiring the art of the work, and only manifests a passing inquietude by accusing of untruthfulness to fact those parts of it which touch most sharply upon social sores.

The translation of Miss Wormeley is as usual all that could be desired. She catches the author's spirit throughout, and gives nervous English for his pervous French. The task she has performed so excellently hitherto is difficult. No foreign writer is harder to translate than Balzac, and no author can be more honelessly deadened and travestied by a bad translat on. The skill, judgment and in-sight shown by Miss Wormeley are indeed remark-able, and her undertaking of a work at once so ar-ducus and honorable is unmistakably a case of natu-

LITTLE JIM.

Our little Jim

Was such a limb

His mother scarce could manage him.
His eyes were blue,
And looked you through,
And seemed to say,
'I'll have my way!"

His age was six,
His anny tricks
But made you smile,
Though all the while
You said, "You limb,
You wicked Jim,
Be quiet, do!" Be quiet, do!"

Poor little Jim!
Our eyes are dim
When soft and low we speak of him.
No clattring shoe
Goes running through
The silent room.
Now wrapped in gloom,
So still be lies,
With fast shut eyes. With fast-shut eyes,
No need to say,
Alas! to-day.
"You little limb,
You baby Jim,
Be quiet, do:"

WISE AND WITTY YOUNGSTERS.

Prom Babyhood.

Our eldest, not yet three (and a very small talker generally), on returning from a long drive was undressed and put to bed. Stretching his chubby form, he slowly remarked: "Dere's no pace yike home."

remarked: "Dere's no pace yike home."

Little Jim, whose father is a minister, went, while visiting his aunt in another city, to hear Dr. A., a speaker of great vigor. Coming from church the first Sunday after his return home, he asked his mother: "Why doesn't papa shake his arms at the people and talk angry about God, like the minister at Aunt Mary's church?"

Little Susie, four years old, was being reproved by her mamma, who said ahe must be a better girl or she would have to punish her; that she was very, very naughty, etc. Susie began to hum a little tune: soon she sang aloud. Her mamma said: "Slop singing; don't you know that it is saucy for you to sing when I am talking to you!" Susie could endure it no longer. She burst out sobbing and said: "Didn't Mr. Beecher say that when you felt bad rou must sing!"

A dear little one pushed a chair in front of the mirror as

you felt bad you must sing i"

A dear little one pushed a chair in front of the mirror as soon as she had finished saying her prayers and, climbing up on it, began to brush her hair vigorously. "Why, Annie," said the aurprised mother," why do you brush your hair i Don't you know that you will mass it again as soon as you put your head on the pillow. And, besides, you are keeping mainma waiting." "Mamma Allen," said Annie, facing around with brightening syes, "ddin t I des pray 'if I should die before I waske, and wouldn't I want to walk into Heaven with my hair all brushed!" We have heard of a child whose mother sang to her nightly the hymn, "Hush! my child, lie still and slumber; Holy angels guard thy bed."

The mother finally noticed that the little girl always covered her face for the night with the sheet. Prossed to watch his, she said she "didn't think it fair for the angels to watch her when she could not see them." Another night she burst out with "Mother I cannot bear the angels here any longer! They must go out and stand in the hall!"

Another ingat and the state of the state of the angels here any longer? They must go out and stand in the hail!"

In this imaginative power ides, perhaps, in many cases, the true origin of that general timidity, fear of the dark, etc., which we usually ascribe, and often no doubtjustly, to the foolish words of servants.

One day I found Annie, a little black-eyed beauty, sitting astride my bed post gazing with delight at her image in the mirror. I asked why she looked in the glass. She frankly said: "Cause I like the looks of me."

Familiarity with ascred things does not develop a trifling and irreverent spirit in the very young, as would be the case with those who are older, although the distinction between the earthly and the Heavenly Father is not always so vivilly drawn as it ought to be. It was entirely in a spirit of innocent railery that a little one was seen to gaze fixedly at the creasent mon, which she detected in hasy outline early one morning. After looking for a moment to satisfy berself that what she saw was not due to the workings of fancy, she ran shouting with laughter to her mother, and, when she could trust herself to speak, broke out with "Such a joke on our Heavenly Father; such a joke on our Heavenly Father; such a joke on our Heavenly Father; such a joke on our Heavenly Father! He forgot to take in His moon last night!"

Nelly, whose grandfather began life as a cabin-boy and finished as a millionaire, was paid by her mother one cent a dozen for pins picked up from the carpet to keep the baby from getting them. "Nurse," said Nelly, as her stock of pennies increased, "do you know what I am going to buy a paper of pins and scatter them over the flour and then pick them up," replied the Foung financier, who was barely five years old.

his does not lessen the interest he excites. Regard im only as a machine and we must still admire its conderful skill of construction, the smoothness of

THE PROFITS OF AUTHORS.

VIEWS OF GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

DISADVANTAGES OF THE PROFIT-SHARING SYSTEM -- TEN PER CENT ROYALTIES. George Haven Putnam, the well-known publisher, gave the following answers to the questions of a PRIBUNE reporter regarding the relations of authors and publishers and the equitable distribution of the profits of making books:

"Is the profit-sharing system, as known in England, in use between American publishers and authors?"

"As far as I can judge from the practice of my own house and from that of the firms with whose methods I am most familiar, I shou'd say that it is decidedly the exception for an American book to be published under a system of division of profits.' The principal objections to such a system are that it necessitates no little additional elerical labor in the keeping and in the rendering of accounts, and that it entails more risk of misunderstandings with the author than is incurred under an

other publishing method.

"Under a profit-sharing system, the author, who has as a rule, no familiarity with the details and require-ments of book-manufacturing, has submitted to him, from halt-year to half-year, statements showing wha it has cost te print first and subsequent editions of his book, and setting forth the other expenses of putting it upon the market. He either, in the strength of his faith in the statements of his publisher, accepts as correct the figures submitted, or he possibly attempts to verify them by securing quotations from other printers or binders. In the latter case, he may easily mislead himself and do injustice to his publishers, by having quoted to him figures which really stand to different and an interior class of work-work with which his publishers would not have been willing to associate their intprint, and with which he himself would not have been satisfied. There are a great many ways in which a book can be printed, and it is or course all-essential that any figures which are compared shall certainly refer to exactly the same thing. If an author decides to have his book pubished on the half-profit system, it will usually be wise for him to have figures of cost submitted to him in advance, in the same mainer as if he expected to assume the entire outlay, and he will then know what

"The author may also find difficulty in understandhe has to expect. ing why it has been necessary to seil the larger portions of his editions at special rates to the dis-tributing houses, having started with the assumption from which even so old an author as Mr. Besant has not freed himself) that the publisher always received for his books not less than two-thirds of the retail price. In tact, I have bai to do with intelligent authors who based their own preliminary calculations of profits on

the assumption that the publishers always received for books sold the tuil re'ail price.

"The cost of rebinding volumes which have been sent out to the dealers and have been returned unsold and damaged, and various similar items which cone and contaged in property of selling for ot trying to selling book are also puzzling, and altogether there are so many details in conection with which explanations are called for, that the publisher may easily under such an arrangement, for books which do not make a brilliant success, expend in valuable time much more than his share of the possible 'profits.' It is doubtless for considerations of this kind that American publishers have, in the majority of cases, arranged to pay their authors by royalties, or to compound a royalties by the purchase outright of the copyright."

THE RELATION OF ROYALITES TO PROPITS. " Is there any complaint, so far as you know, among American authors that their royalties are too low !" The question is occasionally raised whether the profits from these sales of any particular work do not permit a larger rate of royalty than the customary 10 per cent of the retail price. If I were an author, I should be included to take the ground that this rate, which doubtless represents an average between what is just practicable on the less successful and what is fully earned by the more successful books, sometimes works minstice to the authors whose works sell well considerable, although cariously enough it is from the latter class that such complaints as arise are most trequent. The principal outlays in getting a book apon the market are made in connection with the firs 5,000 or the first 1,000 copies. When a book has shoot or the first 1,000 copies. When a book and is still in steady demand, the profits on the sale of subsequent thousands are larger, and on these latter a somewhat higher rate may properly be paid. An author whose ooks are of such a character as to secure (without the necessity of issuing them in paper form at a mere manufacturing profit) a continued sale extending over-10,000 copies, is usually in a position to arrange for a higher than the normal rate of royalty.

"If, however, the work is fiction, and it is con

sidered desirable, for the sake of competing with the cheap reprints of foreign works, to issue it in paper torm, the margin of profit becomes as a rule too inconsiderable to permit paying the author anything more than 10 per cent, and on such volumes there often remains for the publisher, after the copyright is paid, considerably less than 10 per

"This rate of 10 per cent of the retail price has been remaning after the cost of printing, adver tising and putting the book upon the market had been covered. As a fact, however, the 10 per cent represents less than half the net profits of a volume securing a large sale, while it represents more, and sometimes much more, than half the profits on a volume the sale of which is inconsiderable. If the royalty is paid on all covies sold, and the sale is less than 1,000 copies, or for a low-priced book or an illustrated book, less than 2,000 or 2,500, there is a loss instead of a profit, a loss which is of course increased by the amount of revalty paid to the author. If, therefore, more than 10 per cent should be credited on the sales of successful works (and there are cases in which such higher rate is certainly equitable), less than 10 per cent ought to be credited on the books which just pay for them-elves, or which produce a declicincy. For the deficiency-producing books the authors are properly entitled to no compensation from the publishers. Payment for work cannot be made in proportion to the labor it has cost, but in preportion to the extent of the public demand for it. A first book, therefore, which must usually be an experiment, ought not to receive copyright until enough copies (usually 1,000, have been sold to return the first cost. When a profit has been secured, it would then be in order to pay royalty also on the first 1,000.

"It is also the case that 10 per cent of the retail price represents, under American methods of trade, a larger proportion of the net price received by the publisher than is the case with an English work. The great effect of the first public deals that the case that 10 per cent of the retail price represents, under American methods of trade, a larger proportion of the net price received by the publisher than is the case with an England, and results also in the distribution of much larger portions of the editions through jobbing houses. These facter purchase their large supplies of many current books at room 55 to 50 per cent of the remaining after the cost of printing, advertising and putting the book upon the market had been covered.

AMERICAN AUTHORS DO NOT COMPLAIN

"Do you know of complaints among American authors to the effect that their publishers' accounts of sales are not trustworthy?"

"I have never myself met with such complaints, and

sales are not trustworthy i"

"I have never myself met with such complaints, and have rarely heard of the existence of any. One evidence that American authors are as a rule satisfied with their publishers is the fact that it is the exception when all the works of one author, or at least all his works of the same character, are not to be found on the catalogue of one house. The same publishers who have issued the first book of an author, have confided to them, with few exceptions, his succeeding works. In England, on the other hand, the books of even the best authors are scattered among the lists of the different publishers, and there are mstances of an author's employing as many publishers as he has books. The disadvantages and loss of sales through such distribution of an author's works are so considerable that it is evident the English authors, whether rightly or wrongly, must frequently believe they have cause for dissatisfaction."

"Is it the practice of your house to give to the authors whose books von publish, opportunities of examining the records of the cilitons of their books?"

"The accounts of sales rendered by my firm specify in detail how many copies have been printed of each volume, and what has been done with these copies. The copyright records at the desk of the copyright clerk, and the printing and binding records at the desk of the stock clerk, are always open to the inspection of authors, and give all the data re uired for the verification of the accounts of sales."

"What would be the effect of international copyright on the relations between publisher and author, on the mumber of good books produced and on the prices?"

"This question has already been fully considered in

"This question has already been fully considered in "This question has already been fully considered in connection with the various discussions of international copyright measures. It is of course certain that when authors can control for their material the markets on both siles of the Atlantic, they will be able to secure larger returns, whether these come to them in the shape of fixed payments or of royalties on increased sales. The publishers, on their part, will be in a position to pay these larger sums to authors, and basing their calculations on larger sales, will also be able to give to the public decently printed books at the lowest possible prices. All parties at interest, except a small group of 'reprinters,' who now get a living out of 'appropriated' literature, will, therefore, be benefited by an international copyright."

THE GIRLS AT GIRTON.

From The Lady's World,

Like the outside world, Girton has its sudden "rages"
or some amusement that carries all before it for a few
reeks and then sinks back into obscurity. One winter

and how to procure the indispensable long clay-pipos without giving rise to scandal became the problem of the day. One atudent used to be the observed of all observers as in the half-hour after dinner, when "the tables were drawn, it was idlesse all," she would wart with skilful breath a large bubble from the foot of the main staircase to the first floor and back again in safety. Most people's bubbles collapsed ignoundlously at the third or fourth stair. A doil show was the next pastime; after a week or two of preparation a number of daintily dressed wax beauties and a few Dutch maids-of-all work wore duly exhibited, and then sent off for the children's ward of a large hospital.

At one time curious noises were frequently heard in the room of one of my friends; and we were told that the student overheard was reviving, with a select party, the classic game of knuckle-bones. The friend in question was an enthusiastic naturalist, noted for her acquarium and for the capacity of of her hospitable room, which accommodated an indefinite number of guests at Sunday afternoon tes, for on that day the servants rest from their four o'clock tray duties. But the numerous friends of Miss — never seated themselves without a furtive glance into corners where some pet frog might be lurking. Once a festive party assembled to "wake" a lor toise, which had been brought from Covent Garden, but did not long survive, in spite of careful diet. He was duly laid out on a chair, while we honored his memory in a truly Irish manner.

## A CITY HOME.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A HOUSE-HUNTER. [First Paper.]

Oh, it was putful,
Near a whole cityful
Home they had none.
We came to reside in New-York from an inland city, five years ago. Prudence—in whom the spirit of prophecy at times is strong—as we alighted at the Grand Central Depot remarked: "I'm confident, Richard, that we shall find just the sort of a house we want in this wilderness of houses before a great white. We'll live in a flat only long enough to make a wise

selection."
"I see," said I, "you regard a flat merely as a stepping-stone. Men may rise on stopping-stones of out-worn flats to higher things, so to speak. Good. We'll go hunting flats the first thing after breaktast." Temporarily, while picking out a temporary flat, we were to live at a hotel. Breakfast over, I bought the morning papers, every one of them, and read aloud to morning papers, every one of them, and read about to Prudence all the advertisements of flats. A good many flats were in the market that morning. Stress being laid in the majority of instances on their being light, we concluded that it was an engaging character. istic of this sort of habitation—none of which we had yet seen—that all their rooms had an ample southern exposure and were simply flooded with sunshine.

"Isn't that delightful!" exclaimed Prudence. 1

admitted that it was. We were both rather partial to aunshine.

Some of the flats were called " little gems." One some of the flats were called "little gems." One was referred to us as "a little gem with hard wood finish and stationary tube lined with porcelain." I cut out this last advertisement and mailed it to a Milwaukee friend who is in the jewelry business, knowing that he would be interested in this latest wrinkle in gem finishing. Halt a dozen of the flats were stocker of as "harcains"; two or three as bargains. spoken of as "bargains"; two or three as bargains "if secured this week"—which made it fortunate that we had not delayed our coming until next week. of them was given up because the owner had been unexpectedly called to Europe.

"It must be nice, Prudeace, to be unexpectedly called to Europe. If there's one place more than author to which I'd like to be called an expectedly—" Prudence cut in sharply to suggest that while Europe was well enough it was not the subject in

Well, it was evident that we could have or from a large number of very desirable flats. The solo embarrassment that controuted us was riches; not our own but the flat markets. How happy we could be with any one of these little gems, especially with one of those with a hard finish, were 'tother dear charmers "Go out and hire a back," remarked Prudence when I had reached the end of my list, "and be sure you fix the price in advance." Exit Prudence to get

I tound a hackman. " How much !" " Dellar and a half the fist hour, dollar an hour after that." I se-cured the hack on those terms thinking, I remember, that we wouldn't probably need it more than the first hour. Ab, with what confident arder Prudence and her husband entered the hack! Hope at the prow, her hesband entered the hack! Hope Fon i Anticipation at the helm, Blissiul Ignorance for the delice and a halt the first hour. Our first eargo-at a dollar and a half the first hour. stop was before one of the little hard-haished gems. It didn't look it. The front was adorned with a profuaidn't look it. The front was adorated with a profitsion of ostentiations stucco. The door of its main entrance was rendered uninviting by a heetic dush of
thea, and ugly stained glass. The janitor did not
possess a reassuring countenance. The setting of the
gem, notably the street gutters, was uncommonly dirty. A deceased cat (whose obsequies had been un-duly p stroned) lay within easy distance. We got no duly p stronged lay within easy distance. We get no further than the outside of this gem. It was a victim to first impressions. Flat number two was a decided improvement on flat number one. The neighborhood looked better, the street was comparatively clean (P. S. tew streets in New-York are superlatively clean) while the external appearance of the building, if not imposing, was solid, substantial. It did not offend the eye. The bell was answered by a numble boy in buttons, who upon my stating our errand summoned

the janitor. Enter janitor. I-Can we see the flat that is advertised? Jani or-Cert'nly. Are you a broker, sir ! I-Broker! No, why do you ask that q

Janitor-What I meant was, were you wantin' this I-On, yes. (Sotto voce to Prudence) Flat-hunting is like courting: no man wants to do it by proxy.

Janitor (the three of us having ascended to the sev-

nth story)-Here we are. Prudence (after having thoroughly inspected the apartments)—Well, janitor, the parlor and dining-room are pleasant, the kitchen and bath-room are satis!—will do well enough. Those clothes presses are pretty dark, but then it doesn't matter so much in presses. Now, if you will please show us the sleeping

Janitor (with an extra dry laugh) -Sleepin' apart ments, mum ! Why, mum, them rooms what you call clothes presses iz thim. Prudence (excitedly)-Those the sleeping spart

I (excitedly)-Those the sleeping apartments!! Prudence and I (in chorus)—Why, janitor, you can't e in earnest; there must be some mistake. The advertisement distinctly states (here Prudence pulled it out of her hand-bag and showed it to him) that all the rooms are light. You surely do not call those

Janitor (with traces of compunction in his voice) The advurtisment all right, mum. The rooms are all of 'em light, but some's lighter's others. Them

bed-rooms lighted from the well—
Prudence—The well; lighted from a well!

Janitor—The shaft, you know. Bein' inside rooms
you can't expect 'em to be as light's outside ones. But

what's the odds, mum! There's a big fantail gas burner in each room. I'm sure, mum-So were we sure -sure that we didn't care to secure this " bargain " " this week " or any other week. Reentering the hack we ordered the driver to take us to entering the back we ordered the driver to take us to the flat which stood number three on our list. It be-longed to the man who had been unexpectedly called to Europe. Hope still stood erect at the prow of the had, but the grasp of Fond Anticipation on the helm had sensibly relaxed. There was 500 consolation, however. We had entered upon our second hour so that the riding was cheaper. I mentioned that circum-stance to Fruience, gathering from her reply that she was in no mood for frivolous remarks. It was a matter of three miles to the next flat. But as the route took us through the lovely Central Park we did not object. Reaching our destination we found to our great satisfaction that all the rooms were tight in the great satisfaction that all the rooms were tight in the normal sense of the term. The flat was on a corner, none of its rooms depended upon a "well" for lucidity, all of them facing either the "street" running east and west or the "avenue" running north and south. It was eight stories up-stairs and " the high nerial lookout" afforded a fine view of the residential portion of the city. Houses, houses everywhere and not a one that bore my door-plate! Fortunately the proprietor of this desirable flat had not yet set sail for proprietor of this desirable flat had not yet set sail for Europe, and in person he politely and eloquently showed us through the apariments. We were greatly pleased. It looked as if our quest was ended, and well ended. Still nothing had been said about the rent. We had paid \$600 a year for our pretty inland homs (on a corner, twenty-six feet front, three story and basement with an ample back yard), but had calculated, although we could hardly aftered it, to pay couble that rent in New-York. Imaging our consternation, therefore, when he York, Imagine our consternation, therefore, when he who was unexpectedly called to Europe, in answer to a question from Prudence, stated his terms, in the words and figures that follow, to wit: \* Thirty-five hundred dollars a year, furnished; I

Prudence bore up bravely under the announcement, but owing to an attack of paralysis Hope bade the prow farewell. I myself was pretty badly shattered, prow farewell. I myself was pretty badly shattered, but manged to gather myself tegether and reply to the man for whom Europe had placed a light in the window. I informed him that we had no use for a furnished flat, having a full supply of household goods of our own. "Well," he rejoined, "I had determined not to store my furniture, things do get so knocked about in maying. Still I might store. I suppose. Come about in moving. Still I might store, I suppose. Com e I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll rent the flat unfurnished at \$2,800." I thanked him for the spirit of accommodation which he was evincing to strangers, but can-didly added that \$2,800 was higher than we cared to go. "Good morning." We were in the hack once more and Prudence with a sec-that-my-grave-is-kept-green tone, ordered Jehu to drive back to the hotel.

ART NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES. NOTES ON RECENT SCULPTURE-SALES AT THE

ACADEMY. The present Academy exhibition shows a reduction The present Academy exhibition shows a reduction of three-eighths in the usual number of works and it was expected that there would be a corresponding reduction in the amount of sales. But on the contrary, the financial success of the exhibition has been as marked as the general appreciation of its excellent quality. Every one knows that among the variety of quality. Every one knows that among the variety of reasons actuating those who ordinarily buy pictures at public exhibitions intrinsic merit is by no means apt to be either first or second, and since the Academy exhibition is less "popular" and miscellaneous than usual, the remarkable amount of the sales, \$20,000 in the first week, means a change in the class of buyers. The Tribune has frequently pointed out that amateurs, as distinguished from incidental picture buyers, have been repelled rather than attracted by the exhibitions held at the Academy for several years. This year they have found a collection averaging well, and free from many of the absurdities which at other times have been conspicuous. The result is that the exhibition been conspicuous. The result is that the exhibition has made a favorable impression upon the very class whom it is most important for American artists to reach. New-York and Canadian and other collectors have found this exhibition worth their attention, and the "reform police" is reaching substantial forces. the "reform policy" is receiving substantial encoun agement.

The May opening of the Metropolitan Museum will be an event of importance, although the Wolte collection cannot be placed upon exhibition then in addition to Mr. Vander-bilt's gift, "The Horse Fair," and Mr. Seney's ten pictures. The museum has been greatly in need of representative examples of modern art, and it is safe to say that the noble gifts of the last fortnight will give an impulse which will have other re-sults. The paintings collected by the late Miss Wolfe sults. The paintings collected by the late Miss Wolfe have not been seen by the public as trequently as the pictures of some other collectors, and their exhibition will be awaited with interest. Five or six of Mr. Seney's pictures are now at the Museum, including Le Rolle's "The Organ." The "Oaks in Autumn" by George Inness is one of his finest pictures. The "Evening." by C. H. Davis, was shown at the recent exhibition in Reichard's Gallery. In addition to the merit of the Welle collection and the pre-eminent value of "The Horse Fair" for a museum, it is encouraging to know that the Metropolitan Museum now contains the nucleus of a representative collections of American paintings. The surplus income from the Welle endowment fund may be used for the purchase of pictures "either by native or toroign artists." The annual purchase of a few of the best American pictures of the year for the Museum will stimulate actists, and presently result in an adequate gallery of American art.

The landscape studies of the late Asher B. Durand

The landscape studies of the late Asher B. Durand which are exhibited at Ortgies's Gallery are accon panied by portraits, and some of his most important landscapes which have been lent by their owners. There are also some of Durand's own engravings, in cluding the "Musidora" and "Ariadne" and others, especially examples of the best English school of line engraving which the artist had collected. At present it is only possible to call attention to this interesting The presence of some interesting examples of sculpt-

ure is not the least satisfactory feature of the Academy exhibition. For the past few years Mr. Warne has contributed busts with considerable regularity which have exemptified the thoroughty sculpturesque quality, strong characterization and personal force of his work, and there has now and then been something from others which was north consideration. The supply of good sculpture outside the exhibitions is small enough, and men like St. Gaudens, whose work would have been welcomed have tailed to contribute. This year there are two busts by Mr. Warner, one a portrait in the south gal-lery individual in character, yet showin, the tendency much of the artist's sculpture. The other bust, more fortunately placed against the wall in the west gallery, might be compared with the artist's bust of gallery, might be compared with the artist's bust of Cottier in its vividly animate character and a tichness of treatment which approaches pictorial quality without passing the limits of plastic art. Mr. Coshing's cold Hypatis suffers severely by the enforced comout passing the limits of plastic art. Mr. Coshing's cold Hypath suffers severely by the enforced comparison with Mr. Warner's vigorous little bust which has the chirm of art, and not merely truth of likeness. In the south gallery again is Mr. Hartley's "Youthful Pair," a child dandling a rabbit on its knees, a piece of genre work of not very high class either in conception or execution, a Meyer von Bremen, rather than a Millet, but not devoid of sympathy with child life, although the unhappy rabbit appeals to the sympathies of the observer. Mr. Cushing's "May" it, the west gallery is one of the examples of impersonal conventionalism which have been common enough here since the days of Powers, and, like his work, are usually due to the unfortunate influences of modern Italy. There is much more individual force and stronger

Donoghue, two of the more recent products of Beaux Arts training. Mr. Elwell has not repeated the conventional, "idealized" figure which has passed for "The Magdalen," but he has chosen an Oriental type, and his treatment is, to a considerable extent, aracterized by realism. The general movement of the figure stepping downward is well expressed, and looking at the statue from its right side the planes are largely arranged, well balanced and satisfying. On the other side, however, the foreshortening underneath the drapery does not impress itself upon the observer as truthful. After all allowances are made, the left knee proves disturbing. But the figure has dignity, even though its special interest and its specializer are not strongly felt, its action is breathers. sentiment are not strongly felt, its action is largely rendered, and its general treatment appropriate. Donoghue's "Young Sophocies leading the Chorus of Victory after Salamis" requires a paragraph of ex-Donoghue's "Young Sophoeles leading the Chorus of Victory after Salamis" requires a paragraph of explanation and an explanatory text upon the plinth, all of which detracts from the directness and significance of any work of art. It would be sate to assume that those who see this statue know that Sophoeles was a Greek tragic poet, but it would not be safe to assume knowledge of the sixteen-year-old Sophoeles leading with dance and lyre the chorus of youths chanting the paran of patriotic triumph. The Sophoeles of the Lateran Gallery is a characteristic figure. Here Mr. Donoghue has perpetuated a picture-sque episode in monumental form. All that can be said about the significance of the choice of Sophoeles on that occasion and its importance may be granted, and yet it remains an episode. The Sophoeles at Rome shows the poet and that is what the name means to every one who hears it. It is something of a shock therefore to encounter this figure, exceeding in itself the rheterical flourishing and license of Euripides, when one has in mind the noble dignity and thoughtful calm of the Periclean poet. It is hardly necessary to say that the artist has imperfectly carried out his conception of the young Sophoeles, but it would be unfortunate for his failure to disguise his real spirit, technical accomplishments and promise. The evident weakness of his work is the common falling of inability to render action without resorting to violence or nervous agitation. This figure conveys at once a feeling of tension, uneasiness and constraint. The body, awkwardly posed with the feet so far apart yet the right so little advanced, seems strained upward, as it on tipoes, an effect emphasized by the indications of muscular uneasiness and constraint. The body, awkwardly posed with the feet so lar apart yet the right so little advanced, seems strained upward, as if on tiptoes, an effect emphasized by the indications of muscular action. Looked at on its right the figure shows no movement forward, and very little on its left. The planes of the body are monotonous. In front there is little of the relief, balancing and opposition which would have redeemed trunk and limbs from their present monotony. The head is admirable, nobly expressive and nobly poised, but the cleanly cut features are not those of a boy sixteen years old. The gesture of the right arm with its sharp angles and fired wrist-droop is awkward and nerveless and increases the feeling of strain. One thinks of a wearied model and the sculptor perpetuating the tired droop of his arm. Akain the slightness of the lyre's support increases the figure's uneasiness. The artist is to be credited with a head very excellent save for the undue sugartion of vociferation, and a well-modeled torso, off not with beauty, largeness and truth of action nor with apprehension of the essectial importance of dignity, simplicity and repose in monumental sculpture. All that can be said of his work now is to praise passages of workmanship and to note an ambition and a degree of personal force of which much would certainly be predicted were it not that similar promise has more than once resulted in disappointment within the last ten years. Mr. Donoghue's "Scraphim," a bas-relied on accetic severity of design, has much linear charm, and considerable ment.

The largest composition in sculpture, as regards mer size, although it is really not so large as Mr. Warner' little bust, is Mr. Carl Rohr Smith's "Bacchant Group." Mr. Smith is introduced as a cosmopo artist, a Dane by birth, a student in Pacis and Berlin, artist, a Dane by birth, a student in Paris and Berlin, and a prize-winner in Vienna. It may be granted at once that his group is an example of careful and usually intelligent craftsmanship. It may also be granted that this use of sculpture has a certain vogue Vienna, Berlin and Paris. Yet this does not s to us worth doing, and we find this group uninter-esting, for it is really without significance. One esting, for it is ceally without significance. One might take it for some of Hans Makart's figures put into plaster, and the interpretation of anch a subject in sculpture in the round is not worth while. For the value of such figures is chiefly decorative and they have often fulnified their function well enough in painted panels and even in decorative reliefs. But it is making too much of a hackneyed, inappropriate subject to model this monumental group. There may be those who will find some pleasure in the license which approaches brutality, the violence and "noistness" of this group, tor some of the Freuch bronzes which come to us like Boucher's popular "The Race" are equally vociterous. But time takes care of work like this. Mr. Smith has also sent a bust which possesses no general interest, but has a certain truth possesses no general interest, but has a certain truth of likeness. Some wood carvings by M. Ferrari, after spirited designs, represent the Bacchanalian revels of olly cherubs with a variety of clever expression and

The sales at the Academy exceed \$20,000, a larger

week of the exhibition. Last year three weeks year required to reach this smouat. The pictures cold for \$100 and over are: "A Cabbage Garden," C. C. Curran, \$200; "The Morning Walk," M. R. Dixes. "Stop: "The Bone of Contention." Lyall Curr, \$150; "Dear Little Peta," A. F. Tait, \$135; "Approaching Night," J. F. Murphy, \$35C; "Girl of Tangiera," J. L. S. Forris, \$350; "Little Busy-bodies," A. F. Tait, \$100; "Venetian Canal," R. H. Nicholla, \$100; "Spikenard," F. D. Millet, \$650; "Sheep Pasture," C. G. Davidson, \$150; "Old Tollgate," E. L. Heary, \$360; "Coming Through the Wood," J. W. Casilear, \$350; "Professional Pride," J. G. Brown, \$2,000; "October," J. F. Cropsey, \$700; "Hasy Day, "Albert Insley, \$1,000; "In the Twilight," C. Westeaton, \$150; "Moonlight," George Bunn, \$150; "Napanach Scenery," William Hart, \$700; "Dritting," F. Schuchardt, \$250; "Motherly Solicitude," A. F. Tait, \$350; "Autumnal Moon," G. H. McCoid, \$225; "Portia," F. A. Francis, \$100; and "The Adirondacks," G. H. McCord, \$225.

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVORITE,

A LAY OF THE LOAMSHIRE BUNT CLUB. "Aye, squire," said Stevens, "they back him at evens;
The race is all over, bar shouting, they say;
The Clown ought to beat her; Dick Neville is sweetes
Than over—he swears he can win all the way.

"A gentleman rider—well, I'm an outsider,
But it he's a gent who the mischief's the jock?
You swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the plunder
He rides, too, like thunder—he sits like a rock. "He calls 'hunted fairly' a horse that has barely Been stripped for a trot within sight of the hounda A horse that at Warwick beat Firdlime and Yorick, And gave Abdelkader at Aintrie nine pounds.

"They say we have no test to warrant a protest;
Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward;
The light of their faces they show him—his case is
Projudged and his verdict already secured. "But none can outlast her, and few travel faster, She strides in her work clean away from The Drag, You hold her and sit her, she couldn't be fitter, Whenever you hit her she'll spring like a stag.

And p'rhaps the green jacket, at odds though they back it,
May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up.
The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
Keep cool; and I think you may just win the Cup. Dark brown with tan muzzle, just stripped for the

tussle, 6tood Isoult, arching her back to the curb, 6tood Isoult, arching her back to the curb, A lean head, and flery, strong quarters and A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

Some parting injunction, bestowed with great unction,
I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce,
When Reginald Murray, full tilt on White Surrey,
Came down in a hurry to start us at once. "Keep back in the yellow! Come up on Othello! Hold hard on the chestnut! Turn round on T

Drag! Keep back there on Spartan! Back you sir, in tartant So, steady there, easy," and down went th We started, and Kerr made strong running on Mer-Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-

bound.
The crack, half extended, looked bloodlike and splen-Held wide on the right where the headland was sound I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle,
Before her two-thirds of the field got away,
All through the wet pasture where floods of the las

year Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay. The fourth fence, a wattle, floor'd Monk and Blue-

The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and ditch The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover, The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire Witch She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cock Sparrow, And Mantrap and Mermale refused the stone wall; And Glies on the Greyling came down at the paling And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a burster, nor cased her nor nursed her Until the Black Bullinch led into the plough, And through the strong bramble we bored with a scramble— My cap was knocked off by the hazel-tree bough.

Where furrows looked lighter I drew the rein tighter-Her dark chest all dappled with flakes of white foam, Her flanks mud bespattered, a weak rall she shattered— We landed on turf with our heads turned for home Then crashed a low binder, and then close behind her The sward to the strokes of the favorite shook; His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little She shortened her stride as we raced at the brook She rose when I hit her. I saw the stream glitter,
A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee,
Between sky and water The Clown came and caught

her. The space that she cleared was a caution to see. And forcing the running, discarding all cunning,
A length to the front went the rider in green;
A long strip of stubble, and then the big double,
Two stiff flights of rails with a quickset between

She raced at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her.
I found my hands give to her strain on the bit,
She rose when The Clown did—our silks as we bounded
Brush'd lightly, our stirrups clash'd loud as we lit. vorkmanship in the statues of Messrs. Elwell and A rise steeply sloping, a fence with stone coping.
The last—we diverged round the base of the His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer, I flogg'd up the straight, and he led sitting still. She came to his quarter, and on still I brought her

short prayer from Neville just reached me, "T Devil." He muttered—lock'd level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hourse cheering, a dense crowd careering.
All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard.
The green wins!" "The crimson!" The multitude swims on,
And figures are blended and features are blurred.

The horse is her master!" "The green travels past her!"
"The Clown will outlast her!" "The Clown wins!"
"The Clown!"
The white railing races with all the white faces,
The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

on still past the gateway she strains in the straight

Still struggles, "The Clown by a short neck at most," He swerves, the green scourges, the stand rocks and surges, And flashes and verges, and flits the white post

Aye! so ends the tussle.—I knew the tan muzzle Was first, though the ring-men were yelling " A nose I could swear by, but Clerke said, "The mare

short head." And that's how the favorite was ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

NONE IN THE APPLES.

Prom The Detroit Free Press.

He had bought a small box of figs from a fruit and peanut vender on Woodward-ave., when his eye was arrested by the sight of some apples, and he asked:

"Are they nice!"

"Werry nice!"

"All sound?"

"Yes."

"Sure there are no worms in them?"

"Oh, werry, werry sures. All the worms go into de boxy of figs!"

SKIN AND BLOOD

Diseases from Pimples to Scrotula Cured by Cutlcura.

Hundreds of letters in our possession, copies of which may be had by return of mail, repeat this story:—I have been a terrible sufferer for years from Diseases of the Skin and Blood, have been obliged to shun public places by reason of my disfiguring humors; have had the best physicians; have apent hundreds of dollars, and got no relief until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which have cured me, and left my sets and blood as much as a child. skin and blood as pure as a child's.

COVERED WITH SALT RHEUM. COVERED WITH SALT RHEUM.
CUTICURA BEMKDIES are the greatest medicines on
earth. Had the worst case of Salt Khoum in this country.
My mether had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I
believe CUTICURA would have saved her. My arms
breast and head were covered for Lirce years, which nothing
rolleved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT
internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP exceptible.

J. W. ADAMS.

HEAD, FACE AND BODY RAW. HEAD, FACE AND BODY RAW.

I commenced to use your CUTICURA REMEDIES last
July. My head and face and some parts of my body were al
most raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and
my suffering was fearful. I had tried everything I had heard
of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad
one. I have now not a particle of Skin Humor about me, and
my case is considered wonderful.

Decatur, Mich.

Mrs. S. E. WHIPPLE.

A FEVER SORE CURED. A FEVER SORE CURED.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured, by using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, of an old sore caused by a long spell of sickness or fever eight years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name which is H. H. Cason, merchant, of this place.

JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist,
Gainsborn Tenn.

GAIDSDOTA, Tenn.
CUTICUBA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price
CUTICUBA, 50 cents; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25
cents. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL
CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Dis-

GRUBS, Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and Baby Humor cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

HOW IT ACHES! Back Ache, Kidney Pains, Hip, Bide and Chest Pains, and all Strains and Weakness refleved is one minute by the Cutleurs Anti-Pain Planted At drusgists, 25 cents, five for \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston